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The Mountain Eagle.

Volume 2

Whitesburg, Letcher County, Kentucky, January 14, 1909.

Number 20

The Home Circle

CHOICEST OF READING

Leave your home with loving words, they may be your last.

Love is the best and strongest thing on earth, but impatience can and often does kill it.

Speak kindly, it cheers and encourages the downcast, the sorrowing, and often wakens the erring to earnest resolves to do better.

Parents are indebted to their children for the constant incentives to noble living; for the perpetual reminder that you do not live in yourself alone; for their sakes you are admonished to put from you the debasing appetite, the unworthy example of impulse; to gather into your lives every noble and heroic quality, every tender and attractive grace.

Many of us find life hard and full of pain. The world uses us roughly. We suffer wrongs and injuries. Other people's clumsy feet tread upon our tender spirits. We must endure misfortunes, trials and disappointments. We cannot avoid these things, but we should not allow the harsh experience to deaden our sensibilities or make us stoical or sour. The true problem of living is to keep our hearts sweet and gentle in the hardest conditions and experiences. If you remove the snow from the hillside in the late winter you will find sweet flowers growing there beneath the cold driets, unhurt by the storm and snowy blankets that have covered them. So should we keep our hearts tender and sensitive beneath life's fiercest winter blasts, and through the longest years of suffering, and even in

Kindness is one of the purest traits that finds a place in the human heart. It gives us friends wherever we may chance to wander. To show kindness it is not necessary to give large sums of money or to perform some wonderful deed that will immortalize your name. It is the word of sympathy to the discouraged and disheartened. Kindness makes sunshine wherever it goes; it is the real law of life; the link that connects earth with heaven. Would you live in the remembrance of others after you are gone? Write your name on the tablets of their hearts by acts of kindness and love. The noblest revenge we can make upon our enemies is to do them a kindness.

It is customary and seems to be natural for blessings to brighten as they take their flight, the little hour of joy that was yesterday's portion, brief and humble though it may have been, becomes of a rosyate hue and fourfold important when viewed in the flattering lights of retrospection. Countless numbers of us are chanting the burden of that tender lay.

"Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight, Make me a child again just for tonight."

And to many the desire is largely prompted by visions of lost opportunities and misspent lives. The ever recurring theme, "It might have been," which tells the history, in brief, of many life time mistakes, is common to us all as we repeat the words with a sigh, realizing all too late, our former blindness and folly.

What Is Politeness?

THIS SHOULD INTEREST EVERYBODY

What is politeness? It consists of a sincere and honest desire to promote the happiness of those around us, and not of false smiles and flattering words. The word politeness means real kindness, kindly expressed, and also good breeding or elegance of manners. It is a trait which everyone admires and which confers upon its possessor a charm that does much to pave the way to success. It has been said that a "man's manners form his fortune." Whether this is really so or not, it is certain that his manners form his reputation. If his manners come directly from a kind heart, they will please though they be destitute of graceful polish.

Politeness is as much required at home as elsewhere. We should do things willingly and cheerfully. Small acts of kindness make life more pleasant and desirable; they make the difficulties of life seem more trifling and help to wipe away the tears of

sorrow. We should always show the greatest politeness and deference to our friends and parents. Some persons are polite everywhere but at home, and there they are rude indeed. Perhaps if they are asked a question and they are occupied they will scowl and mutter something over to themselves and pay no attention to that one who spoke, as though they were too insignificant. How does it sound to hear a person say "yes" and "no" to everyone, especially to their seniors? There is scarcely anything more important in a child than good breeding.

While it is comparatively easy to be polite toward strangers, or toward people of distinction, whom we meet in society or on public occasions, still it should be remembered that it is at home, in the family, that an everyday politeness is really most prized, coming as it should from the kindly feeling of the heart.

Letter From Soldier Boy

J. Dishman Holcomb Writes Interestingly to the Noble Bird.

Is Now In Havana

Havana, Cuba, Jan. 3.

Dear Editor,

Now that it has been sometime since I have penned a word to the Eagle I have decided to come again. The pleasure that I get out of reading the Eagle could not be told. I haven't missed a copy in months. I hope the editor and all the people in dear old Whitesburg had a merry Xmas. It is rather cool over here now, the coldest it has been since I arrived on the island, but I rather enjoy that. Jan. 19 I will have been here a year and am sure I have seen more wonderful and strange things than I could have beheld in the States.

I know you all think those hills and mountains around home are awfully rough, but I have been in mountains over here that are far rougher than those at home. Last fall A and B batteries 2nd artillery were at San Cristobal on a 21 days' march and were in the mountains four days, going thro' places with pack-mules that honestly I don't see how we got thro' as we did. A goat could scarcely go through some of the places yet there was not an accident.

Above I mentioned something about Christmas. Well, I didn't have much of a good time and Santa didn't visit me, yet this battery had one of the best tables set I ever saw; why, it was just loaded down with every delicacy imaginable. It was a curiosity to see the decorations—there were palm leaves, red bells, flags, varicolored balls and numerous other wonders, enough to turn the head of ordinary mortals. A trip thro' that dining hall amid its dazzling beauty and delectable viands was like taking a trip, as I imagine, thro' the wonderful Ancient Carcens of the Gods.

I would request that you publish our menu on that day but its too long, so just show it around to our friends. Now, wishing yourself and family and all of my friends a happy New Year, I am still a Letcherite.

J. Dishman Holcomb.
Camp Columbia.

A Perfect Home

For a home to be a home in the highest sense of the word, and not merely a place to sleep and eat, each member of the family must contribute his or her share. There must be forbearance, sympathy and love. A great deal depends on the parents. They should in the early childhood of their children teach them to make the home the dearest place on earth. The aged live more in the past than the present. Their reveries are principally of their boyhood and girlhood. How necessary then that these days be made happy, that their reveries may give them pleasure. It is not a perfect home where the inmates hold themselves aloof. It is where the guest is ever welcome, where friends delight to come and come again. Those that shut themselves from the world become selfish and narrow minded. It requires interchange of thought to expand the mind. And what is more delightful than the pleasing interchange of thought between friends in a happy home?

SKETCH OF H. C. CHAPPELL

The Youthful and Brilliant Editor of Thousandsticks, Printed at Hyden.

H. C. Chappell was born in Leslie Co., Ky., May 2, 1885. He attended the public schools, St. Joseph Roman Catholic school, at Cincinnati, O., and Hyden Academy. He taught at 19 and the same year bought Thousandsticks of which he is editor.

Though a small boy and fatherless at the age of six, he had but few to speak a kind word for him, only as his merits would actually demand. Therefore very little was thought when he became the owner of the dilapidated plant of Thousandsticks. No one felt like giving him a word of encouragement as it was thought his efforts would be futile along that line, basing their opinions from the failures of such intellectual giants as Mutzenburgh and Muncy. Somehow these men did not possess every quality that



H. C. CHAPPELL,
Editor Thousandsticks.

it takes to make a newspaper a success in the much isolated regions of the mountains of Eastern Kentucky.

Young Chappell with his stick-to-it-iveness, energy and interest in the mountain people, has shown progress from the start and he is beginning to make the people "set up and take notice" what he is going to do next.

The whole aim of Mr. Chappell is to run a newspaper in the interest of Leslie county and the mountains and he is continually adding to his office such material as is needed to produce a better paper.

His fight for better government of Leslie county by its officials, showing it to be essential for the advancement of Leslie county, has given him much notoriety and won him endorsement everywhere. It shows that he is courageous, fearless, and always fighting for the interest of the mountain people.

The Dollar

There is a sentiment about a dollar. It rests peacefully in the filthy pocket of a beggar as it does in the silken purse of the millionaire. It brings joy today—its the cause of sorrow tomorrow. It never speaks, yet it talks. It circulates freely, yet it keeps in hiding. It lifts millions out of the depths of despair. We tremble at its strength, yet we can crush it with one hand. It is always the same, yet it is ever changing. The lack of it promotes idleness, the excess of it causes idleness. It creates trouble, it brings peace. It makes one restless. It lubricates the axle the world revolves upon. Withal it is a silent friend. Without it we perish. For the world lets him severely alone who has not a dollar to call his own.

From Miss Standefer

Cemes Another Interesting Letter on Education of the Sexes.

May Be Her Last

Dear Editor,

For perhaps the last time upon the important and heretofore enough discussed subject of equal education for young men and young ladies I write you.

I am very grateful that the subject has been brought out and for my part want to thank you for your patience in dealing with us. I have been serious in the opinions expressed by me and feel sure that those who have opposed my views have been similar serious and feel sure if anything that I have been benefitted by the arguments.

I very much admired the story by Miss Lewis, but I am sure it was not education that prompted the girl in the noble life-saving act. It was impulse, or rather that kind of bravery peculiar to her sex, the same that prompted Molly Pitcher to take the place of her brave husband, the same that moved Jephtha's daughter to greet her father when he returned from a glorious battlefield bearing the emblem of victory, when she knew that inevitable death would result.

The early history of this country tells of many brave women who in emergencies did not hesitate to take the trusty flint-lock and protect their children from the red man's tomahawk and scalping knife. My dears, you might say that education prompted these brave deeds, but I say that human impulse backed by the first law of human nature—that of self preservation—was the greatest factor in the case. True, I admit, a knowledge of the "how" of a thing enters much into the successful performance of an act but it does not prompt it, neither is it entitled to credit.

Miss Lina, I admit that I know but precious little along our line of argument, but from what you have written I am sure you know less, and I think we had better leave it to "Bachelor" for discussion. I do not know him and can't even imagine who he is, but am grateful for his able talk and hope he will give the Eagle readers some articles along other lines.

Now, dear sisters, let's kiss and make up, as the saying goes. Let us stay in our sphere, the place where God assigned us, ruling the world by cheerfulness, gentleness, love. A woman's artillery is her tears and when we can't win with might let us conquer with them, sure and indefensible.

Au Revoir.

Mary Standefer.

Colly News

The death angel visited the home of Aaron Lucas Thursday and took away the loving wife and mother. We extend our sympathies.

J. D. Pendleton visited C. F. Blair; P. H. Blair and C. E. Pendleton visited W. M. Blair.

Miss Maude Sturgill and Mrs. Alice Blair visited at Thornton.

J. H. Adington, of Appalachia, was here buying cattle.

Prof. Blair's school has closed. Hurrah for the Eagle!

Daffodil.

Passing of a Year

AS VIEWED BY "HENRI"

The good year of 1908 has reached the sear and yellow leaf—vea, in its last period of waning; yet the wheels of time still roll on with the same velocity, nor reckons of the death of the expiring year, nor the birth of a new—burying every moment in the dust the wrecks and ruins of former revolutions.

The monuments of today crumble under Time's remorseless hand as he kisses the gaudy architecture of tomorrow; and so goes the ceaseless roll. The debris of the countless ages past lie buried beneath the gaudy arcades of present human achievement. The archeology of passing centuries catches an occasional gleam from the pen of the historian and is elsewhere buried in the vortex of oblivion.

Ambition's gorgeous temples, the glorious monuments of art and genius, spring up ever and anon, and are hurled to earth in the path of man and serve momentarily to remind him of the passing of a meteoric life, or the flaunted fame of a crown or an empire. These archaic edifices of the past speak like a trumpet—like the voice of a Tully from the tomb—reminding us of the utter futility of effort against the wrecks and ruins and revolutions of time.

Empires rise and fall, nor stay one whit Time's onward avalanche. You have well engrafted in memory the oft quoted words, "We stand the latest, and if we fail, perhaps the last experiment of self government by the people." Rome fell after reaching a zenith of governmental perfection, law, wealth and national stability seemingly invulnerable—yet we have reached a far greater sphere of governmental

perfection. Still, might not some unforeseen insurrection develop that would endanger the perpetuity of this greatest of all republics?

We live in an age, with the wonders of telegraphy and electrical commodities, with developments along the line of explosives, monarch war vessels, aerial navigation, etc., when war between two civilized nations must approach the very throes of extinction. Some minute cloud appearing on the zenith of our political horizon might spread and expand into a mighty cyclone, internal or international, that would leave devastation in its wake? May this never be!

May the land of Washington, the home of our heroic Fathers, ever wave in the splendor of her own free and untrammelled thought! May the proud Eagle—proud emblem bird of liberty—never take her flight from the "land of the free and the home of the brave!" For, where else between the poles will be found a land as congenial to her nature as our dear Columbia?

Picture this awful catastrophe, hear the wails of the widows and cries of the orphans as they pursue parting Liberty wending her dubious way to a land more congenial to her nature! Let the sovereign people of this loved country, whose power fills the political throne, ever guard the sanctity of her cherished institutions. Let the "Spirit of '76" nerve the arm and warm the heat of every true American.

HENRI.

P.S.—This Ms. was nearly completed a few days before Christmas and is, therefore, a little out of date, but I send it anyway.—J.C.

As A Benedict Sees It

THE EDUCATION OF BOYS AND GIRLS

Nearly 2,000,000 boys and girls under 16 years of age in the United States are forced to work for their daily bread. Their labors debar them, wholly or in part, from the privileges of education. Toiling in factories, shops, stores and mines—in most cases they are deprived of even elementary educational advantages. In coal mines boys of 12 to 14 work as daily laborers beside the men. In the sweatshops of the cities girls under 16 bend over sewing machines, wash tubs, baby carriages, etc., ten hours a day, with food scarcely sufficient to keep soul and body together.

A consideration of such facts ought to make our young people who have good homes and free schools with a privilege to attend more appreciative. But there is still more to the problem than a lesson. The presence in American society of so many boys and girls growing up to maturity, stunted both physically and mentally, is a menace to our country. So serious have the conditions become that a national child labor

committee, composed of some of the most eminent men and women in the country, has been formed to investigate and seek a remedy. It is proposed to secure legislation in all states that are lawless on the subject. Some states already practically prohibit boys and girls from working daily labor unless they can read and write the English language.

Now, not speaking as a legislator nor being desirous of becoming one, nor to mash on the corns of our "Bachelor" who, an excellent writer, but, young girls, please refrain from the idea of your parents sending you to school to educate you for the bar, as physicians, and for other places as suggested by Bachelor. Ratlier reflect, there are hundreds of thousands of places as stenographers, etc., which could easily be filled by the fair sex, as well as that of teaching and training children, and other occupations more in keeping with woman's nature, and which space will not permit mention.

"Billish."

W. B. FORD FURNITURE CO.
Incorporated
NORTON, VIRGINIA.

The Story of Loyal

By Inez Harrington Whitfield.

(Copyright, by Ford Pub. Co.)

Although Loyal was not a small dog his stubbornness was disproportionately large. Moreover he had the advantage of most dogs, including his master, in always knowing his own mind.

One October day the air breathed into Loyal's soul a challenge for a stroll, and as the family was very uninteresting while unpacking after a summer spent in Europe, he unhesitatingly accepted the challenge and walked out of the open door.

For several blocks he walked behind a girl with yellow brown hair, whose gown, hat, gloves and shoes were the shade of his own coat. It may have been a sense of harmony of colors, or it may have been just dog sense that led him to walk nearer the girl, finally pushing a cold nose into the hand hanging loosely at her side.

He must have known that she would neither start nor cry out. She only looked down at him with pleased surprise and closed her hand tightly over his nose.

"Good morning, you handsome dog! You seem to know your admirers at sight. I wonder who your master is?"

The briskness of their pace soon brought them to Madison avenue. Forty-second street, where the girl in brown, after patting her companion on the head and addressing numerous flattering remarks to him, boarded a west-bound car. Looking back she saw the dog staring reproachfully after her.

All that day, Katherine Raymond found her mind wandering to the fine St. Bernard who had joined her early morning walk. She would have been astonished had she realized how often in the following days she thought of him, pondering his act, his name and his home. Four days passed and Wednesday's outdoor beauty prevailed upon Katherine, who, dressed in brown as usual, went forth to enjoy a walk. The avenue was noisy, although apparently deserted, so she turned



The Muscular Young Man Took It While Apologizing for the Dog's Conduct.

toward Madison, and, rounding the corner, met Loyal, who nearly knocked her down by his joyful recognition. He soon grew calm—except for his tail—and marched proudly by her side with frequent long upward looks into her face, which was turned toward him as often as might be.

At the end of a mile, they turned, seemingly of one accord, and retraced their steps.

The girl and the dog, so alike in color, attracted considerable attention, of which both were wholly unconscious.

At the steps of her home Katherine discovered that she had a problem to solve, for her four-footed escort appeared astonished at her inhospitable hesitation, and strongly indicated his desire to enter, showing by many signs his natural stubbornness, even lifting up his voice to emphasize it.

"Perhaps," whispered Katherine, "you are a lost dog," and for the first time she thought of his collar. Bending she read: "Loyal, 29 West—street." The address given was so near by that after some debate with her inclination, she decided to leave him outside and watch whether he went in the right direction. This he did, but not until an hour's patient waiting had satisfied his mind that his new friend was capable of disappointing him, that she was not coming forth again, nor was he expected to follow her inside.

Scarcely a morning passed that, freeing himself from the company of his master and his master's family, he did not make an attempt, with only occasional success, to visit Katherine. When he was not made welcome he seemed to realize that there was some good reason for it and went away cheerfully.

Late one afternoon, on a cold and windy day, Katherine was returning home. Down the avenue came a frightened horse, madly plunging from side to side in a useless endeavor to escape the mass of vehicles. A tiny child broke from his nurse's hand and dodged his way to the middle of the street.

Katherine rushed for the child. A huge yellow dog plunged through the crowd of pedestrians and dashed to the side of the girl, pulling her from under the horses, at the same instant that a muscular young man grasped the horse's head and was dragged off his feet before the bewildered animal was brought to a stand.

After a few moments of excitement order was restored and it was found that the only damage done was that to the tawny colored dress. Katherine wore a piece of which still clung to Loyal's teeth and attracted the attention of the muscular young man who took it, while apologizing for his dog's conduct.

Katherine's smile puzzled him, as did Loyal's behavior when she put her hand on his head and spoke affectionately to him.

He is the last person to

board the five o'clock Erie ferryboat was Katherine Raymond, and as the gang plank was removed cries from many throats filled the air, for a beautiful St. Bernard had rushed to the edge and bounded over chains and rails and an expanse of foaming, seething water. A murmur of relief rose when he landed, safe, on the ferry deck, and a girl in golden brown pressed to the edge of the boat, and waving a brown hand seemed to signal to some one in the crowd on shore.

To Stanley Wellcamp it was intolerable the time that was consumed in loading the next ferry, and a year seemed to pass between the time of starting and that of landing on the Jersey side, for his mood counted time by changes of emotions and accumulation of sensations. Did the girl in brown (he knew now that he had not succeeded in forgetting her for a single day since the runaway incident) mean for him to cross or wait at the pier for her?

Never had he or his feelings been so confused, and he was at a complete loss to know what he should say to this girl who had such an attraction for Loyal, the dog whose friendship had never before been given to any one outside the Wellcamp household.

What to say need not have troubled him in the least.

Katherine and Loyal were waiting at the ferry house. "I am sorry," she said at once, "that I have been the cause of this inconvenience to you, but I am glad, very glad, that nothing happened to Loyal. I was terribly frightened. Of course, no one could have thought of such a thing, but perhaps it would be safer, in such crowds, to have a chain. Good-by, Loyal, old fellow. Thank you, sir, for coming over; I must catch my train."

That was all. She was gone, and he had not opened his lips. If he was confused before, he was now in a tumult of exasperation and anger; anger at his own stupidity, and he heaped curses upon his own head for having been made a fool of by a big dog and a brown girl. He came near including Loyal in his dispensations of maledictions, but remembered the dog's fault was an excess of affection for a girl, a girl in brown. He tried to console himself by recalling her rapid speech, her haste and the size of the rushing crowd, but he could not force the fact to give him any credit.

He attempted to forget it; the trial lasted a month, then he gave up, and, in a dissatisfied frame of mind, started for his vacation in the Pennsylvania mountains.

Young Wellcamp decided to leave Loyal with his father, but the dog scented the threatened separation and used his powers of persuasion, so when Stanley boarded the train he was accompanied by Loyal, with a very jolly wag in his tail.

At the Water Gap a slight accident delayed the train, and Stanley took occasion to exercise Loyal and stretch his own long legs by walking the streets near the railroad. The dog grew restless and uneasy and became deaf to his master's voice. As the whistle of the engine warned "all aboard" Loyal dashed madly away, on and on, until out of sight.

Really concerned, fearing something had happened to the dog, Stanley hurried after him, losing considerable time by mistaking the corner which had been Loyal's vanishing point. At last he turned the right one and saw—a picture!

A vine-covered piazza of a semi-colonial house, a girl in a tan-colored dress seated in a huge lounging chair, and a tawny colored Saint Bernard, with his paws on the arm of the chair and his face very near the girl's, while his tail was animated by the most joyful emotions.

Superlative wrath took possession of the astonished Wellcamp, whose sharp whistle of recall startled Loyal and brought Katherine to her feet.

Laying a hand on Loyal's collar, she called:

"Please come here a moment."

As he appeared reluctant, she repeated:

"Please come."

At the first sign of embarrassment on her part his sudden angry determination melted.

Explanations were exchanged and Wellcamp canceled his arrangements for rooms at Pocono, remaining at the place chosen by Loyal.

The day before his vacation ended Katherine and Wellcamp had strolled to a shady glen near by.

Stanley pulled from his vest pocket a small piece of brown cloth, and after fingering it caressingly, handed it to Katherine, who exclaimed:

"The piece Loyal tore from my dress!"

Stanley smiled, and Loyal awakened from a long nap, but neither his master nor Katherine noticed him.

"You will never know how much I hated you when this was all I had of you, and I did not know your name!" Then Stanley took the hand that held the bit of cloth and spoke of other things than hate.

After a time Loyal came and looked inquiringly into two faces very near together, barked softly and wagged a most approving tail.

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For Infants and Children.

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Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

Simulation Diamonds

Attention is called to the ad of the Barnatto Diamond Co., Chicago, Ill., on page 4 of this issue which is self explanatory. Read it, write them and mention the Eagle.

Do you owe the Eagle anything? Well!

Do you owe the Eagle anything? Well!

Do you owe the Eagle anything? Well!

Do you owe the Eagle anything? Well!

Do you owe the Eagle anything? Well!

Do you owe the Eagle anything? Well!

Do you owe the Eagle anything? Well!

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50c waterproof	40c	" \$1.50 "	\$1.30
25c flannel, all colors	22c	" \$1.25 "	\$1.10
25c tricot	22c	Men's \$11 suits	\$8.50
30c jeans	25c	" \$9 "	\$7
20c "	15c	" \$8.50 "	\$6
Calico, all kinds	5c	Young men's overcoats almost	
8 1-3c gingham	6c	given away	
10c "	8c	Men's \$3.50 shoes	\$3.20
10c outing	8 1-3 and 9c	" \$3 "	\$2.75
6c domestic	5c	" \$2.50 "	\$2.25
7c "	6c	" \$2 "	\$1.75
8 1-3c "	6c	" \$1.50 brogan standard	\$1.35
6c cotton cloth	5c	Women's \$2.50 shoes	\$2.25
7c "	6c	" \$2 "	\$1.80
Men's \$1 fancy shirts	80c	" \$1.75 "	\$1.50
" 75c "	60c	" \$1.50 "	\$1.25
" 50c "	40c	" \$1.25 "	\$1.10
Men's \$3 pants	\$2.75	Men's \$2 hats	\$1.75
" \$2.50 "	\$2.25	" \$1.65 "	\$1.40
" \$2 "	\$1.60	" \$1.25 "	\$1.10
		Etc. Etc.	

QUEENSWARE—No end to it, and less than wholesale prices. The articles mentioned here are only to show you how things are running, and is nothing like a complete list of the stock.

Yours till I see your smiles,

JOHN A. WEBB.

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The famous little pills.

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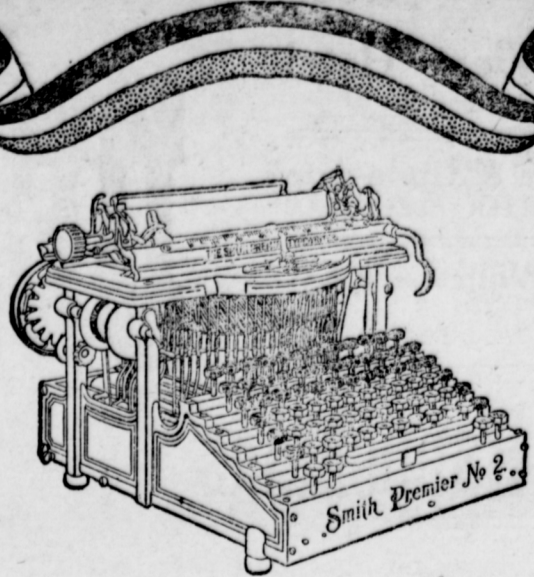
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